SOUTH VIET NAM In Struggle

7th Year – February 5, 1973

No 185

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CENTRAL ORGAN OF THE SOUTH VIET NAM NATIONAL FRONT FOR LIBERATION

1973 Tet

Happy New Year

SOUTH VIET NAM In Struggle

Hail Spring of Victory

HAIL Tet of the Buffalo, Tet of a spring of triumph! This is not the first time that our nation celebrates such an inspiring occasion. From the time of the two Trung Sisters, through that of Ly Bi to that of Nguyen Hue, we have experienced such moments of glory. But the present one is unparalleled in our history, for it is the crowning of a century of insurrection and resistance which has finally rid our land of all invaders, by defeating the aggression of two major imperialisms.

IN spring 1965, US imperialism committed to the Southern part of our country a half a million expeditionary corps, a force sufficient to prepare for a world conflagration, hoping to swallow up South Viet Nam and to push North Viet Nam "back to the Stone Age."

But our whole people, million like one man, picked up the gauntlet, though the fight between a country with an area and population of medium size and the youngest, most brutal, most crafty ever in its best form was far from equal. Seven years later, imperialism right in this historic spring, the US juggernaut has to pull out of our territory. Viet Nam has won. It has won over US ground, air and naval forces. It has broken the aggressive will of the mightiest imperialism of all time. A fine chapter in the nation's history was ended and a new one ushered in this very spring of 1973.

WITH the vernal vigour of a battle-tested people, we begin a new combat, fresh pages of our history. South Viet Nam has set oneself to preserve the newly-restored peace, complete independence and democracy and national reunification, and help bring our dear Viet Nam to heights of prosperity.

Our profound gratitude goes to Uncle Ho, the great guide of our nation.

With deep appreciation we honour those who have dedicated the prime of their life to the liberation of the country.

Glory to South Viet Nam, the brass wall of the country and to North Viet Nam, its heroic rear base, which all deserve well of the fatherland.

Glory to Hanoi which gets the credit for an aerial Dien Bien Phu over the US blitz and for an important contribution to our nation's triumph.

Great store is set by the part of our friends in all the continents who gave us such needed additional strength in our gruelling trial.

It is with pride and exultation that we greet this triumphant spring of ours, when mankind's expectations have been met.

VIET NAM has traversed with glory a rough road.

Our achievement once again enhances the greenness and fragrance of mankind's spring. In its glow, we shall continue with renewed vitality, our march on the path mapped out by Uncle Ho and make our country keep pace with our times and bring about an eternal spring there.

SOUTH VIET NAM In Struggle

The population in Cai Lay liberated zone filled with joy by a triumphant Tet and the re-establishment of peace

Why did they kill you?

We reproduce below the letter and poem of a reader, which encloses some verses of his teen-aged daughter, a B.52 casualty, to the RDVN main paper Nhan Dan.

Nhan Dan *Editor's note.* — **Poet To Huu and we have read the poems. We have found them extraordinarily moving and are giving ample space to day on our "Readers' page" to Mr Mieu's full work and excerpts from Ha's, out of love and grief for a spokesman of the new young generations.**

Dear Comarades,

My three children, Dang Thi Ha, 16, Dang Thi Lan, 13 and Dang Van Hung, 10, who lived with me at 15, Viaduct Street, Gia Lam, Hanoi were killed on December 19, 1972 in a B.52 strike. Two other victims were Nguyen Hung Linh, 14, and Nguyen Hung Quang, 9, sons of a war dead from Thua Thien who had come from Thanh Hoa to live with us three days earlier.

While searching in the ruins of our house, we found an unfinished collection of poems by Ha. "I've written some verses," she used to confide to her older sister, "I'd like to send them to a paper, but I wonder whether they'll publish them."

As her father, I am sending them to you, the Party paper, in fulfilment of her wish. I have added a poem of my own composition, the first I have ever written.

I hope you will be able to make use of some of the verses, as a small contribution of a young girl cut down in the prime of her life. A notice in your columns will also give me the moral satisfaction of having done something for my poor child.

Yours sincerely

DANG VAN MIEU

Why did they kill you?

Ha, Lan and Hung my children,
I don't know how to write verses,
Still I try now to jot down a few lines,
Out of my love for you, out of my hatred for the foe,
To mourn your memory and to toughen my resolve.
What has become of you, Ha, my darling daughter?
Who loved life so dearly,
Who dreamed of becoming a Liberation girl
Or a school teacher,
Who was fond of singing,
And used to hum tunes all day long,
Eyes misty with dreams of to-morrow,
With confidence in life.
Four o'clock in the morning,
The alarm clock rang.
"Time to get up, Ha",
Your mother called, and I also called.
"Haven't you asked me,
Dad, don't forget to call me"?
"How do you like your noodles, fried or with some broth, Dad"?,
Said you sweetly, "I'll cook you whichever you like."
While I did my jerks, you revised your lessons.
I went to work and you to school.
"Why didn't you buy me the History book,
As you've promised, papa?"
"If To Huu's poems are on sale,
Remember to get me a copy.
Oh no, what about my copying them instead
To know them better?"
Then you copied them,
A thick collection of verses.
That Sunday morning, I still remember,
Classical music was played on the radio.
"The Persian Market" was resouding, exotic.
You were fetching water, but you put down your burden
And called out
To Lan, to Ba and to Minh
To listen to the tune.
You were so engrossed in your various
Class and social activities
That your mother scolded you for
Neglecting house chores in their favour.
But nows he realises you were right,
Now she understands your feeling.
You did as you were told by our Party.

You came forward to be a first-aider,
When the U.S. planes raided our neighbourhood,
When uncle Duoc got slash in his belly,
You adroitly crammed his bowels back in
And washed his face with hot water from the flask
"He suffered horribly, mother."
When I heard your body had been found
With your protective arms still around your brother's,
His was whole but yours was crushed,
My heart was wrung with pain.
Our old worker friend reminisced, "Such a kind girl
Who used to give a lift to work on her bike!"
And the woman next door mused,
"I'll miss her terribly, poor lass!"
How can I retell all
The words of sympathy for you,
The words of grief for you.
Ha, Lan and Hung, my children!
So dashed to the ground
Are my dreams and yours:
Ha's of becoming a poet,
Lan's of becoming an artist,
And Hung's a cloud-riding pilot.
Ha, Lan and Hung my little ones,
Mourning you, my soul writhes in great agony
And in deep hatred for those devils
Who have ruthlessly cut down fledgelings
And crushed their cosy net.
Ha, Lan and Hung, my children,
Why did they kill you?

January 6, 1973
DANG VAN MIEU

DANG THI HA's poems

Life

I love you, life.
You are not only earth and heaven,
But confidence in the future,
Where is my own life and heart.

December 28, 1971

To Mr Kiet, our teacher

Seeing you off to a far-away battlefield,
In the rustle of the leaves,
I only hope to see you dash forward
In the steps of our brave fore fathers.
The class is loath to part with you, Sir,
Our hearts bursting with love, our eyelashes glistening with tears.

You are leaving the pen to take up the sword,
What thought haunted you out of sleep last night ?
The thought of the Fatherland's call
To the men advancing under the bright gold star,
Which stiffens their resolve to fight for freedom,
For the land and for each of our dear ones.
Out of your love of the country, you'll brave all hardships
In the group of heroes going up the line,
You'll share with pupils the same fighting trench.
When South and North are reunited,
Please come and visit us in our village.
Saying good-bye to you, Sir, I promise
To learn hard and well.
Maybe, after school, as a Liberation girl,
I'll meet you there on the Truong Son Range.

The Liberation girl

From a child, I have been dreaming of becoming a fighter
Against U.S. aggression and a defender of the land.
I'll say farewell to my dear ones and respond
To the vibrant call of the Truong Son Range.
In all the country's affection swathed,
I'll be in the crucible of the war tempered,
Not unaware of the Truong Son hardships
Not unaware that it is an immense school of life.

January 17, 1972

Life and songs

My fondest dream is to be a Liberation girl
My next one is to become a teacher.
Whether a Liberation girl or a teacher,
I'll sing myself into the service of the country.

Carrying coal

Each pail of coal,
Each pound of coal,
I carry at the ends of
My groaning pole, on the village lanes,
Load after load
Of shinging black lumps
Glittering in the golden sunlight,
In the spring breeze which sweeps
The wide roads.
To-day, I carry loads of coal,
To-morrow, I'll carry loads well-steeled resolve.
Coal feeds the oven's glowing embers,
Resolve lightens heavy burdens over miles of way
And inflames the heart's fervour.

A diary found in a bomb crater

(Extracts from the diary of B.52 casualty Dang Thi Ha)

July 7, 1972

To-day is a day of manual labour in preparation for beginning of term. So I'm going to be a "student" of the 10th form. How proud ! Have been giving a lot of thought to this forthcoming shcool year. Hello life ! Hope you'll bring me more joy and happiness. Today still a pert schoolgirl, but in only a year's time, my "talkative" self will be a grown-up. Days pass and new days greet this "sweet" girl. Good night to you all who I know.

July 8, 1972

... An uneventful, quiet day. Seem to be too fond of ping pong. Had games with Bich Ngo and Tram. This morning teased Khanh Ha, you are a naughty girl, who makes fun of boys. Girding myself to write poems. Poetry, mea culpa.

With all my heart, I'm expecting a morrow of joy.

With all my heart, I'm expecting a morrow of joy.

A Life blessed with peace and full of joy. Is many a person's fondest wish.

July 9, 1972

We go on digging shelters and getting the school ready for the new academic year. We had a lot of fun, doing manual work under the supervision of Mr Que.

Learned that Van, "skinny" Ha's big brother had been killed in action. Her family's sorrow is mixed with a feeling of pride in his having laid down his life for the country. To day I seemed to make too much noise. As naughty as when still an elementary school lass. No news from any pal of mine. Would I be able to stand it if one of them got killed ?

No ping pong today. Another day of joy. How I love life ! True, to love life one must be involved deeply in it. So this "naughty" girl that I am has experienced some of it. The day is drawing to a close. Hail to you, to morrow, a more joyful day !

August 17, 1972

What a happy day ! Some chums of his dropped in on us. How I like green of their uniforms. He must look dignified in his. I still remember the day I was seeing off to the front. How I felt awkward when he called me "darling" X, with some hesitation though !

Mr Kiet hasn't written since he enlisted. Must write some verses about him.

Played seven sets with Bich Ngoc to day. Won 4 of them.

August 24, 1972

Cuong and Phuong have been called up. Desk-bound soldiers going up the the line. The girls are embroidering handkerchiefs as souvernirs for them. How many pupils and teachers of this school haved joined up ? Wish I could go too. Anyhow, here in the rear, learning hard is also a way of fighting aggression, isn't it, dear miss ?

September 15, 1972

How I love Autumn ? It's the season when term begins, a season of bustle for us, a time for revolution, the time of Uncle Ho's proclamation of our independence.

September 22, 1972.

To night the moon is very bright in the sky's liquid blue. It lits up every road and lane of our land, it "peeps through the air hole begging for verses" and illuminates the path of my love who is marching into action. During this mid-Autumn festival the Lacs won't be here (husband will be fighting in a far-off place, wife working in the West of the country). The Minhs won't either (he is on a combat assignment on an island, she on probation in a hospital).

October 2, 1972

Another day and we all shall have to say good bye to our dear school and evacuate to the country. The enemy has resumed the bombing of the North for several months. They have been aiming at schools and school population. How I hate them !

October 8, 1972

To night, I feel lonely for him who is fighting. He is doing his bit in the whole nation's effort. Aren't I in the "Bright Star" (1) mood now ?

"Don't wait," say they.
Don't expect him back now, say they.
But I can't but long for him. (1)

Hope he'll trust me and understand me always. To night, heard the Song of Hope over the radio, which you used to sing to me. This diary is a sort of messenger between you and me.

October 11, 1972

To-day may be called a day of hatred. US planes have bombed the Viaduct area. Uncle Duoc has been killed and old Mr Op wounded. I acted as a first-aider and member of a rescue team who salvaged goods from state storages. Worked all the day long without feeling tired, by hatred.

Received a commendatory certificate for my service.

Feeling lonely for him. Got a hunch he is writing to me.

October 13, 1972

Heard from Mr Kiet at the front. The joy of receiving a letter from him has inspired a poem for him,

December 16, 1972

Attended the Plenary Congress of the Youth Union of the school. It was a jolly affair. I have pledged to do my utmost in literature, more than in other subjects. I want to sit for the entrance exams to the Literature Teachers' Training College of Hanoi. Dad and Mom give me a lot of encouragement and pray for my success. Visit Mr Ly from time to time and have interesting chats with him on literature. The dry season has set in with attending feeling of longing and loneliness.

I have only two dreams :
My greatest dream is to become a Liberation girl
My next one is to be a school teacher,
Becoming a fighter on either front is the fulfilment of my wish.

(1) *A poem by poet Tran Huu Thung.*

We will continue Ha's march

To Ha, my pal

HA my pal, what had you done,
That the blood-thirsty devils cut you down in the flower of your age.
Maybe they dreaded that you might become a fighter
And cross the Truong Son to liberate our land.
Maybe they dreaded that you might become a teacher
And impart trust in life to future generations.
Maybe they dreaded that you might, with your songs,
Your songs of love, sing the praise of man.
But how can the devils achieve their purpose ?
They can, with bombs and bullets, massacre
My friends and shatter their dreams for the future.
But they can never ruin our nation's to-morrow.
I pledge to you, Ha my pal, to continue your march
And in your stead cross the Truong Son.
As a nurse, in accomplisment of my most cherished wish,
And fight the U.S. aggressors to the last,
Until South Viet Nam is completely rid of them.
You used to say, « My wish is fulfilled if any of my dreams comes true ».
You and I share the same aspiration :
To dedicate all the fervour of our souls and the glow of our youth
To the country and the people.
Ha my poor pal, your march was brutally interrupted,
But we will carry it on, in your stead.

January 2, 1973

DINH THI THANG, 16
(Ha's classmate at the Nguyen Gia Thieu secondary school)

Uncle comes South to us anew

Uncle comes South to us anew.
The Mekong rolls its waves high, the Truong Son raises its top aloft,
The golden sunlight is all in a tremor,
The birds warble with greater sweetness,
Mountains and rivers are real poems,
Night after night in the flickering torches' glow ferry boats are crowded,
Frontline and rearbase all bubbling with joy
Receive the spring gift amidst a spring reunion.
Uncle comes South to us anew
In the midst of a crop of victories and an elation pure like the full moon.
Uncle keeps enquiring after every one of us with a smile.
His warm words resound in the silence of Hanoi night.
The distance between here and the Restored Sword Lake isn't great,
But our grief is immense.
When Uncle comes, forests of flags flutter, thunders of tomtoms rumble,
The Ham Luong fields are purple with festive banners.
Uncle comes South to us anew.
Each of his words is enshrined in our hearts,
The path ahead is aglow with light.

GIANG NAM

Spring appearing on the horizon of the frontline

On the edge of the stream a songstress
Is twanging her sixteen-string lute.
The light seems to descend from the stars
And the music filters through the foliage
And makes the water purer
With the flowers printed on its surface.
It makes its babble softer
In deference to her song.
Right here, under carpet bombings,
Right here, the first firing line,
The lute's music can restore life to man,
Greenness to withered leaves,
Rosiness to faded cheeks.
Oh joy beyond words.
Oh wordlessness which conquers,
Oh sound and stir.
Our troops march on,
Ubiquitous and fierce.
They seem to fly down from clouds,
Like in filmed legends,
Their kits caked with dust,
Their human forms distorted,
But their hearts adorning their guns' muzzles
Drink in the lute's allegretto.
And their ranks are in a tangle like a skein.
But soon their formation is in apple-pie order,
When the lute sounds a clarion call
From all its sixteen strings.
Its tune dances on its soundbox,
Vibrates in their hearts,
Makes both throb in unison.
It echoes their souls feelings
And maginifies them.
It quivers like the distant glimmer
Of lights in a far-off suburb
Under the heavenly vault winking with stars.
The music and the songstress,
Spring appearing on the horizon of the frontline.

HONG CHINH HIEN

The song of power

Thousands of bleeding nights,
Thousands of dark nights in stockades
And nine years of insurrection
Have given birth to the South Viet Nam Republic of today.
Comrades, make your guns thunder out their salutes
To the beloved nascent regime,
Born of the fire of battle,
From the muzzles of rifles and in the glimmer of swords,
The crystallization of our hopes and expectations,
Sharp like our fixed bayonets
Directed against the foe in front of us.
Our power, the people's power !
Let the girl army-carrier going to the front,
Making several trips in this rainy night,
Follow with steady steps the resistance's path.
The people's power will wing her feet.
Oh mother who walks on the road to township
With your head high in the ranks of demonstrators,
Do you hear the vibrant call of the revolutionary power
Fill your heart with stirring enthusiasm ?
The people's power is like a spring shower
Welcome to the sun-scorched furrows.
Under it, seeds burst with eagerness
To do their share in the common fight.
You who have been led astray
Into the infamous fate of mercenaries
Come back to the fold of revolutionany power,
A loving mother waiting for the prodigal son's return.
And you children, sing your song of youth,
The people's rule will feather your wings,
Open new chapters in your life,
Sing in chorus with me the song of power.

DIEP MINH

A spring letter

Dear Chin of Soc Trang,

I intended to write you right in the last days of December, when B.52's of the US, like May flies roared toward Hanoi, the flaming heart of the country.

Everybody here was restless those days, and the hearts of all the twenty million South Vietnamese were on tenter-hooks. We, millions as one man and without prompting, clenched our teeth and poured our hatred into actions to avenge Hanoi. If I was somewhat late in writing you it was not because I wanted my letter to have some flavour of the spring of our native South. Isn't it always spring time in this southern half of the country despite this raging war? No, the reason of my delay is this general stillness, an indescribable one which, however, by far surpassed that of the 1968 Tet in contained anger, like a volcano about to erupt.

I've just been back from an operation with an army unit. We went on foot for over two hundred kilometres, with guns and kits weighing on our shoulders. We walked for two days and three nights in a row, across jungles and torrents. You'll wonder what made us to go so fast. I tell you it was the B.52 saturation bombings on Bach Mai, Yen Vien and Gia Lam, on An Duong, Uy No, Mau Luong, Kham Thien and Truong Dinh. How could we let them go unpunished? And we marched in silence, listening to each word from the *Voice of Viet Nam* from Hanoi, recording the name of each blitzed street as a debt to get repaid with interest. At times, the voice fluttered, and we hurriedly and with trembring fingers, tuned up our sets. We bit our lips to keep back the tears that were welling up. We feared for the voice of the heart of the country. It's no wonder I could not, at those agonizing moments, write to tell you of the feelings of the folks here.

There were men in our unit who came from Hang Xanh and Phu Nhuan, from the water-front street of Bach Dang, from Ban Co hamlet, from Street XX, in Saigon, and it was quite possible that the warmaniacs might come and carpet-bomb those areas, too. Hadn't they just bombed Da Nang airfield? So there was just only one way to deal these beasts in man's clothing—fight them the way the South was doing and as Hanoi was doing.

Their B.52's got swatted like flies over Hanoi. We kept count of those days and knew how often Hanoi had avenged the South. We were glad because the North, with perfect calmness, was joining us in the fight, the North that is the blood, flesh and marrow of the South. On Dec. 18, when the blitz against Hanoi started, an old lady made this comment on Nixon: "He's a desperado." The following day she called him a "desperate gambler." After the bombing of Kham Thien she said, "He's stone broken now."

This shows you how much the people here trust the North and the capital city.

Upon learning of the unilateral bombing cessation above the 20th parallel and the invitation to Comrade Le Duc Tho to come back to Paris, the same lady told us with a radiant smile, without stopping chewing her betel quid, "Haven't I told you that they need some beating to bring them back to their senses"

Here, in the South, B.52 strikes are going on uninterruptedly, but we live permanently in spring. Yet, how anxious we were at the time of the carpet bombings of Bach Mai, Yen Vien, Gia Lam, Truong Dinh and Kham Thien! Along with our grief over the de[illegible] of so many of our fellow-countrymen we feared lest Ha[illegible] not be able to afford the traditional "Banh Chung [illegible] made of glutinous rice—*Ed.*) and peach-blossoms to welcom[illegible] New Year in. So, let us thank the people of Ha [illegible] and elsewhere in the North for having helped build temporary shelters for the Kham Thien and An Duong survivors. Let us thank the Food Company in Hanoi for having produced, within just a few days, 12,000 "Banh Chung". We are quite familiar with the life in Hanoi, even in its smallest details, you see? And this knowledge we owe to the *Voice of Viet Nam*, which has been all the time keeping us in touch with the heart of the country.

Dear Chin,

We are just at this moment, in the bomb-shelter of Mother Tu in *Go* hamlet, the same lady I spoke to you about in my previous letter. One of her sons, Ba Tri, a lieutenant in the Saigon riot police, you remember, came home a couple of days ago. He did so because he longed for a family reunion in these last days of the year. But [illegible] was [illegible] Just listen. I'm going to tell you now:

We were crossing the jungle when we saw on a mountain slope a gorgeous apricot-tree in full bloom. We made a rush to it and each of us cut for himself a spray of those canary-yellow flowers, without forgetting to leave enough for the jungle to adorn itself with. We put the slender branches into the muzzles of our guns to replace the old camouflage, and headed for the hamlet. I had a spare twig for Mother Tu.

It was a beautiful gift, and neighbours flocked in to admire it. Just like in Hanoi, where people were sharing their food with one another, Mother Tu plucked off some flowers and handed them round. «Let's all partake of this gift of Spring," she said.

At that moment, Ba Tri turned up, close on the heels of the Chairman of the Village Revolutionary Committee. Sheepishly he stopped in front of the house, his arms hanging. On the collar of his battle dress, I did not see the usual silver apricot blossom — his military grade. He looked very shy and excessively meek. His presence didn't seem to be a surprise, for almost everybody had been expecting it. The first person to meet him was Tam Pho, the barber. The latter was on duty at the gate of the hamlet, under the secular *Bang Lang* tree. At the sight of a stranger, he jumped into the communication trench and levelled his rifle. When it dawned upon him that the man was Ba Tri he shouted, partly out of joy and partly out of anger: «Ba Tri! You're so late! We thought you'd forgotten even your mother."

The two men had been chums in their childhood, when they used to graze their cattle together. Now, Ba Tri was tucking purposelessly at the hem of his shirt—the same old gesture, the barber told himself, Ba Tri the boy had the habit to make when in fault.

Tam Pho took his old pal to the village chairman, and the latter, fearing the repenting man would get lost, personally showed him the way home.

Ba Tri was greatly perplexed. He had anticipated great difficulties. Yet, he was meeting no trouble at all, and the people were kind to him. US bombs and wicked tricks had all failed to destroy the folks' traditional affection for one another. And, for the first time he noticed that trees were budding in a translucent green.

He looked up at Mother Tu, his eyes blinking. "Mom," he chirped out, like a tender chicken.

The old woman looked up and down her son, whose hair gathered into a mane on the nap and whose feet were shod in American sandals.

"Well, sonny, you've come home at last!" And she gave him a tiny branch of the canary-yellow peach-flowers.

Ba Tri received the gift with both hands, and made a dive down into the shelter, where he slumped down behind his youngest brother, Ut Muu, and whimpered like a child.

"They've laid their dirty hands even on Hanoi... I can no longer stand it..." he confided in sobs.

Dear Chin,

I cannot tell you of all the changes that are taking place in each person, each blade of grass in this South of ours these days.

Ah! The devils who sent their B.52's over Hanoi at the very time when the whole nation was getting ready to hail the New Spring in.

Over there, Tam Pho has just put up a great red-and-blue flag with a golden star in the middle, the flag of unity, national concord, great humanism and loyalty.

South Viet Nam, at the approach of Quy Suu Spring

NGUYEN VAN TRONG

Appeal

of the Central Committee of the Viet Nam Workers' Party and the DRVN Government

Dear countrymen and combatants,

THE Central Committee of the Viet Nam Workers' Party and the Government of the Democratic Republic of Viet Nam are greatly joyful to inform our countrymen and combatants throughout the country that:

On the 27th of January 1973, in Paris capital of the French Republic, the Minister for Foreign Affairs of the Government of the Democratic Republic of Viet Nam, the Minister for Foreign Affairs of the Provisional Revolutionary Government of the Republic of South Viet Nam, the Secretary of State of the Government of the United States of America and the Minister for Foreign Affairs of the Government of the Republic of Viet Nam, formally signed the "Agreement on Ending the War and Restoring Peace in Viet Nam."

Today, the 28th of January, war completely ends in both zones of our country.

As provided for in the Agreement, the United States and the other countries respect the independence, sovereignty, unity, and territorial integrity of Viet Nam. The United States ends its war of aggression, its military involvement and its intervention in the internal affairs of South Viet Nam.

The right to self-determination and the democratic liberties of the South Vietnamese people shall be respected. The people of South Viet Nam shall decide themselves their political future through genuinely free and democratic general elections.

The reunification of Viet Nam shall be carried out step by step through peaceful means.

With the signed agreement, the resistance of our people against US aggression, for national salvation, has won a very glorious victory. This is a very great victory of the most glorious war of resistance in the history of our people's struggle against foreign aggression.

Our entire people, in the South and the North alike, take immense pride in and are greatly inspired by this great victory of the Fatherland.

This is also a victory of the peoples of the Indochinese countries in their united fight against the common enemy.

This victory of the Vietnamese people is also a victory of epochal significance of the forces of socialism, national independence, democracy and peace, of the freedom and-justice-loving people all over the world.

This brilliant victory is the fruit of more than eighteen years of persistent fight of the forty million people and combatants throughout our country, after surmounting innumerable sacrifices and hardships.

This is a victory of the spirit "Northing is more precious than independence and freedom", of the strength of solidarity of the entire people of revolutionary heroism, of the tradition of patriotism, dauntlessness and staunchness forged in four thousand years of existence of the Vietnamese nation.

We warmly welcome the people and combatants in the heroic South who, united under the glorious banner of the National Front for Liberation and the Provisional Revolutionary Government, the only authentic representative of the people in the Southern part of our country, have gone through innumerable trials and dangers and fought with matchless courage.

We warmly welcome the people and combatants of the heroic North who have fought very valiantly while eagerly building socialism and wholeheartedly assisting the great front in the South in the fight against US aggression, for national salvation.

With boundless loyalty to the Fatherland and the people, our invincible armed forces in both the South and the North have fought and made sacrifices with tremendous valour, recorded marvellous exploits and proved themselves very worthy of being «the heroic army of a heroic people».

In these joyful days of victory, our entire people feel all the more indebted to the great services of our venerated and beloved President Ho Chi Minh, the teacher of the Vietnamese revolution, who has devoted all his life to the independence and freedom of the Fatherland and the revolutionary cause of the world's people.

We will remember with the most profound feeling of gratitude the immortal services of the heroes, heroines, martyrs and all our comrades and compatriots in toth zones who have laid down their lives for the Country.

The great victory of the resistance against US aggression, for national salvation is the victory of all-conquering Marxism-Leninism, of the judicious and creative political and military line of our Party which has upheld the spirit of independence and freedom, united the entire Party, army and people in a firm resolve to fight and to win, closely combining genuine patriotism with pure internationalism.

This victory is the victory of the socialist regime full of vitality which has turned the North into the steady base of the revolution throughout the country.

This victory of our nation is also the result of the wholehearted support and great assistance accorded us by the other socialist countries and the progressive people all over the world. On this occasion, our people express heartfelt thanks to the fraternal countries, the international working class and all the peace-and justice-loving nations and peoples throughout the world, including the progressive people in the United-States.

Dear countrymen and combatants,

The victorious conclusion of the resistance against US aggression, for national salvation, has ushered in a new turning point in the Vietnamese revolution. The signed Agreement is the political and legal basis ensuring the fundamental national rights of our people, and the sacred right to self-determination of our compatriots in the South. This victory is the basis for our people to march forward and win new victories and achieve the national democratic revolution throughout the country.

The struggle of our people in South Viet Nam still has to overcome many difficulties and obstacles. The militarist and fascist forces, instrument of neocolonialism, running counter to the aspirations of our nation, have not yet renounced their scheme to sabotage peace and block the road to independence and freedom of our people. That is why, the immediate task of our countrymen in both zones of the country is to strengthen solidarity, maintain high vigilance at all time, and strive our best to consolidate the successes already won, firmly preserve lasting peace, achieve independence and democracy in the South and proceed to the peaceful reunification of the Fatherland.

The Government of the Democratic Republic of Viet Nam solemnly declares that it will seriously and scrupulously implement all the provisions of the Paris Agreement, and demands that all parties signatory respect this agreement and fully implement it. This is a very important, and at the same time very difficult and complicate struggle to which our people of all strata and all patriots in South Viet Nam must make an active contribution.

The war of aggression which the various imperialist countries have, one after another, conducted on our land for more than thirty long years has left very serious aftermaths. It is a certainty that our compatriots in the South will unite with and love one another as children of the same family, dispel all animosity and suspicion, and will, without distinction of the poor and the rich, political affiliation, religious belief and nationality, pool efforts in the struggle to preserve peace, achieve genuine independence, exercise democratic liberties, materialize national concord, heal the wounds of war, rebuild the country, and bring a life of plenty and happiness to the entire people.

Viet Nam is one. The Vietnamese nation is one. The reunification of the Fatherland is the sacred desire of our people in both zones. Let us, on the road toward the reunion of all Vietnamese in the lap of our beloved Fatherland, soon join efforts in re-establishing normal relations between the two zones to meet the earnest desire for family reunion and endeavouring for the bright future of the nation.

The victory of the resistance against US aggression, for national salvation, has created unprecedented favourable conditions for the North of our country to forge ahead with the building of socialism. For the prosperity and strength of the country, for the achievement of independence and democracy in the South and of a beautiful and happy life for themselves, let our compatriots in the North uphold their traditional heroism and their sense of collective ownership to work with enthusiasm and creativeness so as to restore and develop the economy, increase defense potential, broaden our cultural activities and do away with poverty and backwardness, thus turning our country into a solid, strong and prosperous socialist country and further enhancing the international role of the Democratic Republic of Viet Nam, the impregnable outpost of the socialist camp in Southeast Asia.

Let everybody, after decades of war enter the stage of peaceful construction with high revolutionary zeal and in a stirring emulation movement. Let us translate the revolutionary heroism we have displayed in combat into our determination to overcome all difficulties in order to accelerate, at a greater tempo than ever before, the socialist construction and the building of a new life and the new man.

The destinies of the three Indochinese peoples are always closely related to one another. The mutual love and friendship between Viet Nam, Laos and Cambodia have been forged by the blood they have shed in the protracted struggle against the common ennemies for their respective independence and freedom. We firmly believe that the resistance put up by the heroic Lao people under the glorious banner of the Lao Patriotic Front as well as the resistance waged by the valorous people of Cambodia under the banner of the National United Front of Kampuchea and the Royal Government of National Union of Cambodia will end in very glorious victory.

It is the firm conviction of our people that in our struggle for the firm maintenance of peace and the achievement of independence and democracy as well as in the national reconstruction in both parts of the country, we will continue to have the warm sympathy and precious assistance of the other socialist countries and the progressive people all over the world.

It is the sincere desire of our Government and people to entertain friendly relations with all countries, including the United States of America, on the basis of respect for each other's independence and sovereignty and of equality and mutual benefit.

Dear countrymen and combatants,

The Vietnamese revolution has won very great victories. Yet, our nation's struggle must be continued to consolidate the gains we have made and march toward new successes in order to build a peaceful, unified, independent, democratic, prosperous and strong Viet Nam and will do our share in the common struggle of the world's peoples for peace, national independence, democracy and socialism.

This glorious victory will be followed by a period of most resplendent development of our nation. To be worthy of the compatriots and comrades who have laid down their lives for the country's independence and freedom and for the happiness of the people and all the future generations, let all of us devote all our mind, energy and talent to defending and building the country, thus writing new pages in the glorious history of the nation.

Let our compatriots in the whole country strengthen unity, develop our victory and march forward enthusiastically!

Long live our Vietnamese Fatherland!

Long live the Viet Nam Workers' Party!

The Great President Ho Chi Minh will live for ever with our cause!

North Viet Nam Welcomes 1973 Tet Festival

I AM writing this article on the first day of the cease-fire in both parts of our country. So, after one-third of a century of grim and courageous struggle, since 7 a.m. January 28, 1973 the Vietnamese people have been able to enjoy the prospect of a Tet Festival in real peace.

Hanoians have been crowding from early morning around newspaper stalls to read reports on the formal signing of the Agreement on Ending the War and Restoring Peace in Viet Nam, and the Appeal of the Central Committee of the Viet Nam Workers' Party and the DRVN Government. Hanoi is blazing with flags of victory and resplendent with spring flowers. The Tet Flower Market opened at Hang Luoc Street right at the moment when at Gia Lam airport members of the Joint Military Commission emplaned for Saigon. The finest roses and peach blossoms were brought by them, brave fighters from Hanoi, to their brothers in arms, the PLAF men of the South : "This spring outshines all past springs..." What a pity venerated Uncle Ho is no longer with us to witness the exultation of a whole nation — the priceless fruit of his labour.

Each man's, each family's life is filled with hope and happiness.

Today, Party leaders are meeting revolutionary veterans to wish them a happy Tet, while other Party and State high-ranking officials are calling on families credited with distinguished services to the revolution and families recently struck by the war. What an amount of blood and tears had been shed by our people before we could have this 68-page Agreement on Ending the War and Restoring Peace, and before the scarlet of flags and flowers could be reflected in the eyes of smiling citizens on this Victory Day observed in Hanoi. Our land and our people fully deserve of the merriest Tet Festival. Strolling along Nam Bo street, you can still see at the Kim Lien bus station and the Central Railway Station traces of the B.52 bombing raids, but what an intense traffic of vehicles and trains carrying people to their home places for Tet! Our thanks must go to those fighting on the transport and communication front: yesterday they were braving bombs and shells to keep the flow of supply streaming to frontline, and now they are losing no time conveying Tet commodities from Hanoi to the provinces and *vice-versa*. As a matter of fact, for the last few days, Hanoians have been asking for *giong* leaves with which the traditional *banh chung* (glutinous rice) cakes are wrapped. To meet this demand from the mountainous provinces of Tuyen Quang, Lang Son, Yen Bay, a fleet of lorries, of train carriages, of barges, of rafts on the Red River, have been bringing to Hanoi millions of *giong* leaves along with tons of dried bamboo shoots. Even in the thick of war, lorries moved pepper and oranges from Vinh Linh, Nghe An, green beans, glutinous rice, poultry, pigs... from Thai Binh, Hai Hung, Nam Ha... Despite B.52 bombing and sea blockade, Haiphong made it a point to supply Hanoi, with fish and fish sauce for the Tet Festival. The 100,000 tons of bombs poured by the US imperialists on North Viet Nam in 12 days only add more significance to this *Tet*. Paying no heed to the explosion of B.52 bombs, the Binh Da villagers in Hanoi outskirts, where 10 tons of paddy per hectare were harvested continued to manufacture *Tet* fire-crackers by the tens of thousands. How joyful is the clatter of fire-crackers on the night of Lunar New Years' Eve, when the noise of bombs and roaring of enemy planes is no longer heard.

We stepped into a shop for a ready-packed bag of Têt commodities allotted to each family in Hanoi. *Ba Dinh* tea, *Dien Bien* cigarettes, pan-cakes, sweeties... all these goods had been prepared as early as in the days of the US blitz. Every one still remembers those moments when all of us got angered at the US volte-face regarding the Agreement it had reached with us, and also those momets when all the B.52's available in Southeast Asia and the Pacific were hurled into a strategic offensive against Hanoi—Haiphong and other populated areas in the North! Our Party and State leaders, confident of victory and true to the traditions of a nation for whom *Têt* is a "must", continually urged the trade branch to provide amply the people for *Têt*. The destruction of *Thang Long* cigarette factory did not entail any cut in the ration of cigarettes to each family. The *Hai Chau* sweet factory was bombed out, but its workers continued to produce sweatmeats for *Têt* while restoring the structure. Low-altitude-aircraft hunters at the Hoan Kiem factory took turns in making sweets... Thus even in war conditions North Viet Nam was making hectic preparations for *Têt*. As peace is now restored, *Têt* is much more enjoyable!

In this *Têt* of victory, the people of the North all turn their thought towards the South where, with the cessation of hostilities, a new phase of struggle has begun, no less arduous and complicated, until total victory is secured. Their thoughts are also directed to the families of war dead and invalids, to those having their sons on duty in far-away localities or those hit by the bombings. Those families are given a priority for *Têt* commodities. In Hanoi, hundreds of thousands of *dong* are allotted by the State to families having their houses devastated by the US, and coupons are distributed to them for the purchase of furniture and clothes in prevision of the traditional festival. Wherever we go—either in the *An Duong* workers living quarters, in *Khâm Thien* street, or in *Phuong Liet* hamlet, all saturated last month, — we see workers repairing damaged houses and filling up bomb craters. Most remarkable is the resolution taken by members of 500 agricultural cooperatives in Ha Tay province to offer the families of war victims in Hanoi 500 prefabricated bamboo houses : "We will finish those houses before Têt", they said, "so that our Hanoi brothers may have a place but in a few days the Trade Department succeeded in setting up make-shift stalls of vegetables, fruit, foodstuffs and other Têt commodities.

It is clear that the enemy has failed in its attempt to subdue a nation with 4,000 years of history behind it. Our people are marching on, proud of their successes. Winter has passed, and a historic spring has set in in our land...

PHAM THANH

Emergency repair of ways of communication in North Viet Nam

Unforgettable moment at Tan Son Nhut airbase

SAIGON remained pretty hot even on the approach of the Tet — traditional Lunar New Year Festival. The temperature varied between 34 and 35 degrees centigrade at noon time. Yet, still hotter was the news of the arrival at Tan Son Nhut airbase of the military delegation of the DRVN Government and that of the RSVN Provisional Revolutionary Government.

Many Saigon newspapers splashed across their front pages the heading "After a quarter-century of expectation now have come the fateful moments of the ceasefire", "Gunfire cannot drown our joy"...

On the road from the airbase to the residence of the two delegations (— a former billet of the USA known as David camp, one kilometre away, looking on Le Van Loc Avenue) the thick lines of military police could not prevent hands from waving discreetly and eyes look ng joyfully at the two delegations. Members of the RSVN PRG military delegation in their green military uniform with the military badge bearing a golden star on a blue and red background stood beside members of the advance party of the DRVN Government military delegation.

At 17.00 hrs sharp Feb. 1st, seven US helicopters flew into Tan Son Nhut airbase. They were carrying Lieutenant — General Tran Van Tra, head of the RSVN PRG military delegation and his team from the liberated areas in Loc Ninh (Binh Long province) to Saigon to attend the first four-party session.

A motorcade drove the delegation from the airbase to its residence near that of the DRVN Government's military delegation.

All the officers of the People's Army delegation stood in double line in front of the building to welcome the delegation as the motorcade rolled in. Major-General Le Quang Hoa, Head of the DRVN Government's military delegation, went up to the gate to welcome the delegation. The two Generals hugged each other amid resounding applause. The emotion was too big for the combatants of the Viet Nam People's Army to contain themselves. As the Liberation Army's representatives stepped down from the cars, they broke ranks and rushed up to shake hands and embrace their comrades-in-arms. Before a huge battery of cameras, the two generals stood side by side under the gold-starred, red-and-blue flag, and a portrait of President Ho Chi Minh. A woman driver of the delegation who is native of Saigon, leant out to look back at the scene, An American officer had to tell her to move on and she did it with great reluctancy.

On the other side of the avenue, some Saigon children flew red-and-blue kites over the site of the rendez-vous of the two delegations. Outside the gate, lookers-on gathered in growing numbers, and despite the whistles of Saigon military police, they lingered and looked in.

A victory which belongs to all of us

THE agreement on Ending the war and Restoring Peace in Viet Nam signed in Paris on January 27, 1973, has been greeted as a splendid gain of the South Vietnamese in their confrontation with the US. In their overbrimming enthusiasm, they are well aware that it has been a victory of the people of both zones of Viet Nam and of the world's peoples over US aggression.

In their January 28, 1973 appeal, the Central Committee of the South Viet Nam National Front for Liberation and the Provisional Revolutionary Government of the Republic of South Viet Nam described this " victory of the Vietnamese people" as "also a victory of the three brother countries on the Indochinese peninsula", and "of all independence- and freedom-loving peoples, of all progressive mankind, including the American people, who cherish justice and peace ".

In fact, from the time a peace accord was reached in Paris in October last year, the progressive forces all the world over, including the US, had been bringing increasing pressure to bear on the US government to sign it without delay for peace to be restored as soon as possible. Never had the movement of the governments and peoples of various countries in support of Viet Nam for an end to the war been so high and widespread as in the last three months, when on October 26, 1972, the DRVN Government and PRG disclosed to the world the situation of the negotiations on the Viet Nam issue.

The government of the Soviet Union, China and other socialist countries, of such peace-loving countries as Algeria, Chile, Guinea, Yugoslavia, Sweden, Tanzania, Egypt, Syria, Iraq, Mauritania, Yemen, Congo, Equatorial Guinea, Sri Lanka, Bangla Desh, international organizations and progressive political parties, had raised their voices for the sound position and good will of the Vietnamese people and against the procrastination of the US government and insisted that the latter sign forthwith the agreement already reached. As the war was still raging, the socialist countries and progressive people in the world again expressed resolute support to the Vietnamese people's struggle till complete victory. Against the American warmongers' scheme to prolong it, big demonstrations involving hundreds of thousands of people erupted around the world including the US allied countries. In the United States, prominent figures such as lawyers, social activists, and anti-war organizations immediately denounced the American rulers and urged that the latter stop hoodwinking the American people on the Viet Nam question. Many mass demonstrations flared up in Washington and other American cities under the slogans: "Peace now !", " Don't prolong the war ! "

In the closing days of last year, when the US stepped up its barbarous war against both zones of Viet Nam, the drive of the people and governments of various countries in support of Viet Nam testified once again to their political acumen and effectiveness in the effort to check US escalations.

Once again, the governments of many socialist countries and peace-loving countries immediately condemned the new war escalation of the US and to demand that the latter put an end to it. Many governments having diplomatic relations with the US also showed their disapproval of its trigger happy behaviour. Their reaction pushed the US into a state of utter diplomatic isolation even from Western countries maintaining traditional close economic and military ties with the US, and greatly harmed US international image.

Once again, progressives in the world displayed their deep indignation under various forms: demonstration, lowering of the Stars and Stripes, boycotting the handling of American goods, especially in many Western countries, the people and their political organizations forced their governments to come out against the US.

Once more, in the undertaking of the world peoples, American progressives did their bits. Whatever their social positions, religious and political leaning, they opposed their government's war policy under appropriate and efficient forms, including the anti-war dissent of US servicemen in the field and the pressure exerted on Congress to curtail war expenditure.

In the recent world-wide solidarity with Viet Nam a highly significant symptom appeared: though, after a heavy setback in its war escalation at the end of last year, and stigmatized by public opinion, the US had to stop its raids on Viet Nam north of the 20th parallel, the world peoples unremittingly kept up their action for an end to the war. For instance in Australia, despite the threat of reprisal levelled against them by a number of reactionary T.U. organizations in the US, Australian dockers went on boycotting the handling of American goods and even contemplated expanding the ban to such fields as civil aviation, business and construction. In France, the people and their social organizations still continued working out a program of action. The Swedes still pushed forward the collection of signatures for an end to the war. The World Peace Council kept the anti-war item on the agenda of its Conference. In the US, anti-war organizations maintained in their plan the organization of demonstrations on Nixon's inauguration day; the majority of Democrats in both Houses of the American Congress pressed on for a halt to the killing and agreed to table a resolution in this connection in case Nixon refused to find a political solution before his second term of office. These actions showed that the forces of peace and democracy in the world were always on the look out and were ready to stop all criminal adventures of the forces of aggression and war.

It is beyond any doubt that this stubborn struggle of peace-loving governments and peoples was greatly instrumental in bringing about the present conjuncture, which is not only the fruit of the heroic and persevering fight of the independence- and freedom-loving people of Viet Nam, but is also of all peace-loving forces in the world.

In their resistance against US aggression, the Vietnamese people and millions of their friends the world over evinced the invincible strength of international solidarity. As in the past, this lofty solidarity will develop to the full and stay the hands of the imperialist and reactionary forces who are out to sabotage the peace just restored. They will also help the Vietnamese build an independent, democratic, unified, prosperous and strong Viet Nam.

LE MINH

27-1-73: A red-letter day

ON January 25, 1973, for the first time at Bourget Airport, Paris, this information was flashed on, a Vietnamese plane is due in at 15.30 from Hanoi. When the silvery aircraft bringing DRVN Foreign Minister Nguyen Duy Trinh to the French capital taxied to a stop in front of the airport's VIP room, amidst the noisy welcome of hundreds of Vietnamese, one could hear many sobs of joy and pride. Paris had been witnessing many memorable days for our people. The City of Light was deeply sensitive to what was dear to their hearts.

All the windows of the façade of the French CGT building were bedecked with flags while against the balconies hang a board several storeys high bearing this inscription: "A Historic Day: January 27, 1973. Nothing is more precious than Independence and Freedom — Ho Chi Minh." In one of its built-up districts, where he who was to become the President of the Democratic Republic of Viet Nam carried out revolutionary activities over half a century ago, Paris, today shared with emotion the loving thought of Uncle Ho and of his signal services to our revolution.

The historic day of January 27, 1973 came to the International Conference Centre, Kleber Street, in an unprecedentedly solemn setting. A big red velvet curtain was hung at the entrance, and an orange woollen carpet was laid from the street pavement up to the conference room. A platoon of the French National Guard, in brass helmets, and with unsheathed swords, stood at attention all through the ceremony as guard of honour

It was at the Kleber Centre that the long and delicate Viet Nam — US negotiations had dragged out for five years. As a matter of fact, they had been held at several places but it is here that they were brought to a conclusion today. Various sites housed the secret talks which, step by step, had led to the peace agreement. The pretty building at No 11, St-a street as quiet as one in Hanoi is only some hundred metres away from our delegation's. The villa at Jif-sur-Yvette with a fine lawn and flower beds belonged to the late well-known painter Fernand Léger. Another house at Saint Guinet less than 18 miles from Paris, is a two-storey one furnished in the 18th century style. The one in Chausey is a modern building whose rooms are adorned with a lot of paintings and beautiful carpets, while the one at Saint-nom-la-Bretèche possesses a golf link surrounded by many rows of trees.

There and at the Kleber Centre a break through took place between diplomats of the strongest imperialist power and ours with a difference. And on this front our people had won as brilliantly as on the military and political fronts.

Newspaper, radio and TV correspondents and cameramen from different parts of the world had flocked to Kleber Street with sophisticated devices to record the event long awaited by people in all continents and followed on the TV by millions and millions of Europeans and Americans.

In the grand meeting hall, under splendid chandeliers stood a large round table covered with green baize. Led by their Foreign Ministers, delegates of the four parties to the conference stepped in. The Polish, Hungarian, Canadian and Indonesian Ambassadors representing the member-countries of the International Commission for Control and Supervision, the chief of the French Foreign Ministry Protocole and the Director of the International Conference Centre sat at both ends of a table.

Photographer-reporters and cameramen focused their apparatuses on Foreign Minister Nguyen Thi Binh of the RSVN Provisional Revolutionary Government.

The spokesman of what the other side had so far regarded as «ghost» was now in the middle of the magnificent Louis XIV-style hall, smiling and of imposing appearance, full of firmness and self-confidence, as the representative of a revolutionary government and a revolutionary army controlling a large part of South Viet Nam's territory. That «ghost» was sitting opposite the American delegation, about to sign its name next to the United States Government representative's under an epoch - making agreement recognizing a reality that five years of manœuvring and scheming had not been able to obscure. The four Foreign Ministers took their seats at the round table. The hall now resounded with clatter of hands, of cameras and the scratching of pens running on notebooks to fix one of the greatest moments of the 1970s.

Foreign Minister Nguyen Thi Binh, sitting in the middle of her 25-man delegation, put her name on each page of the accord as though to review the path traversed and the sacrifices made by our fellow-countrymen and fighters in the South over the last eighteen years. It was 11 a.m. local time.

Five hours later, DRVN Foreign Minister Nguyen Duy Trinh and US Secretary of State W. Rogers signed a second copy of the agreement in the same place.

The four delegations proceeded to an adjoining hall to attend a tea-party given by the French Government. The majority of the guests were Vietnamese, and Vietnamese was the most commonly spoken language. Members of the three Vietnamese delegations talked with one another. Several recognized their former schoolmates or classmates or fellow-villagers. Some of the Saigon delegation greeted their former teachers in the DRVN delegation. Mr Tran Van Lam greeted Madame Nguyen Thi Binh and the two foreign ministers talked at length with each other. That was the beginning of national concord. The path leading to the consolidation of peace is still full of pitfalls but warlike forces and the enemies of independence and national reconciliation would surely meet with failure should they go on with their attempt to thwart the aspirations of their people and the trend of history,

Kleber Street was packed with people and overshadowed by red starred and red and blue starred flags. Vietnamese nationals and Parisians, who had streamed to the International Conference Centre, lined the pavements, crowded the balconies and roofs of the neighhouring buildings to welcome the ending of the war and restoration of peace. This forest of men and flags was constantly in motion. They jumped for joy, shouted at the top of their voices in Vietnamese and in French, and waved to our smiling delegates who raised their hands in response.

Under the sun which began to shine, my friends and I walked in the midst of cheers, hand claps, songs and music. My eyes were wet with tears of joy and pride, and my thought flew to my undaunted countrymen and fighters who had brought about this historic day.

HONG HA

Nhan Dan *Paris correspondent*

Jan. 27, 1973

SOUTH VIET NAM — CENTRAL ORGAN OF THE SOUTH VIET NAM NATIONAL FRONT FOR LIBERATION